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Si rejetant Chloé, ma reine
A toi je consacrais le reste de mes jours.

The ode *Jam veris Comites*, which in our opinion would have better suited the hilarity of a convivial party than those selected by the translator, does credit to his talents. We shall quote a few of the first stanzas, referring the reader to the book itself for the remainder, and for several others in the same style.

Deja par les Zephyrs, compagnons du
printems
Qui seuls calment les mers, nos voiles sont
enflées ;

Nos près sous les frimats ne sont plus
blanchissaus ;
Et de neige les eaux ne coulent plus gon-
flées.

Pleurant toujours Itys, l'objet de ses fu-
reurs,

On voit deja le nid de la triste hirondelle ;
Pour avoir trop puni de brutals ardeurs,
Elle est pour sa famille une honte eternele.

De leurs joyeux haut-bois mêlés a leurs
chansons,

Les bergers font deja retentir la prairie ;
Et plaisent a ce Dieu, qui comble de ses
dons

Les troupeaux bondissans, et les monts
d'Arcadie.

The author states himself to be a teacher of the French language ; we think his book may be extremely useful for the purposes of instruction ; many students learn French and Latin at the same time ; and this mode of study is thought, not without reason, to be attended with peculiar advantage ; each elucidates the other. It serves much the same purpose as the double translations practised by Gibbon, and so strongly recommended by him. Even those who are unacquainted with Latin, will reap both pleasure and improvement, in attaining some knowledge of the original through this medium, which will at the same time give them some taste of the beauties of Horace, while it promotes their knowledge of a language now not only fashionable but necessary.

We have already been forced to pass some severe censures on the state of the Dublin press. This book proves we have not been singular or unjustly severe ; at the conclusion of his preface M. de Montville claims a special indulgence on this score. "I intreat the

reader's indulgence," says he, "particularly for the faults of the printing, which could not fail of occurring through the negligence and ignorance of the printers of this city, who do not understand a single word of either language, and, who, notwithstanding all the attention paid to correctness, always finish their part of the work by leaving a croud of errors." The book itself, and more especially the latter part, affords too many proofs of the justice of the complaint.

*Le Comte de Corke Surnommé le Grand,
ou Seduction sans Artifice suivi de
cinq Nouvelles. Par Madame de
Genlis ; 12mo. 2 vols. p.p. 468.
Colburn, London, 1808.*

FROM the multiplicity of novels of a bad tendency, the name itself has fallen into disrepute. Yet we would be far from joining in the general outcry against them. They have been, no doubt, in many instances prejudicial to society, but they have also been in many others powerful auxiliaries to virtue. They are intimately connected with public manners, and these may justly be stiled minor morals, partly guiding, and partly following the prevailing fashions of the day ; they have from the former cause, often deviated from their legitimate end, the improvement of the mind, and from the latter they have induced their admirers to deviate still farther from an attention to the same desirable object, by setting before them defective or vicious models of imitation. But the abuse hence originating must be remedied, not by the endeavour, in itself impossible, of banishing novels altogether from the libraries of those who make books the mirror in which their minds are fashioned, but by such a judicious selection, as will represent truth and morality and virtue in their proper forms undistorted by the mists of ignorance, or the perversions of intentional misrepresentation. An indiscriminate exclusion would deprive us of a fund of the most instructive entertainment. It is indeed pleasing to observe that though this description of writing still continues in many in-

stances to be the vehicle of insipidity, the vent for ill-natured and personal invective, and even the guide to immorality; many writers of the first ability have lately stepped forward to vindicate its real merit, and by well-drawn pictures of the world in which we live, have given lessons of the utmost utility, particularly to the rising generation, into whose hands such books are likely to fall, to deter from vice, and to lead by well selected examples to the practice of those virtues which endear, elevate and ennoble the possessor. Why then has not the name of novel been yet rescued from the unmerited obloquy with which it has been so long aspersed? It is because vice floats on the surface, virtue lies below; the former forces itself on our sight, meets us in every street and avenue, flares in our places of public resort, nay, often insults us in our more select and retired society. The latter, silent and unobtrusive, must be sought for before it be sufficiently known to obtain its due tribute of respectful imitation. We daily see and hear of the bad effects of novel-reading; we can trace the rise of many a rake, debauchee and dissolute character to this source; most of the unfortunate females who shock the ears of modesty, and wring the heart of pity in the streets of our capitals, attribute, or affect to attribute their downfall to this cause; but we cannot see the many instances of youth and inexperience led along the path of rectitude and virtue by these silent and impressive monitors. If history be the preceptor of kings, biography is that of private persons; and what is a well constructed novel but a memoir, containing in itself the quintessence of biography, the metal without the dross.

It is unnecessary here to enumerate, or even to point out the best of this class; among many others who have directed their talents to this praiseworthy purpose, we might cite the respectable names of an Edgeworth, and a Hamilton, whose writings have reflected much honour on this country. In this class, the writer, whose publication has given rise to the preceding reflections holds a high place. Her writings, viewed in this light, bear the most rigid test; it is not that a moral

may be extracted from them: the moral is evidently the primary intention, the narrative merely the clothing in which it is conveyed, so as to excite attention and interest. Commencing her career with a highly valuable treatise on education introduced in this popular form, she has continued during the course of a long life to pursue the same plan, to enforce the several duties, to animate to the several virtues of life by these unsuspected lessons, and even her latest writings though, perhaps, inferior to her former productions, deficient in the *purpureum lumen juvenæ*, and tinged, though but slightly tinged, with the failure of declining years, still tend to the same end, and are the well-intended conclusion of the same design.

Several new works have lately come from the pen of Mr. de Genlis. We have selected this, because it presents a portrait of a countryman, honourable to the Irish character, and worthy of the imitation of Irishmen. We have said, more than once, *Ireland is our station*. We repeat it: we glory in that national feeling, that *amor patriæ*, which turns all our thought, and bends all our exertions to the improvement of our native land. And we cannot but feel flattered that a foreigner, a native of a country whose predominant passion is national vanity, should have selected an Irishman as an example of a spirit of unbridled honour triumphing over the most powerful and seducing impulses of the heart; and this feeling of honest pride is heightened by the consciousness that the figure here represented is not an ideal creature of the imagination, but a likeness drawn from nature. The piece is founded on historical facts; the most remarkable incidents of the early part of the life of the Earl of Corke, are preserved and interwoven with the narrative so as to appear to arise naturally during the train of circumstances.

Richard Boyle, the hero of the narrative, is represented as an orphan, who is indebted for his support and education to a benevolent man, who resides at a village a few miles distant from Dublin. Here he spent his days in obscure retirement, solely devoted to the improvement of his mind, and to the cultivation of a

garden, which surrounded the cottage, that the generosity of his patron had made his dwelling. External circumstances are the second causes even of the greatest events. The attention bestowed on his garden, brings into notice the qualities produced by the culture of his mind. The Earl of Essex, the prime favourite of Elizabeth, was at this time in Ireland, in a public capacity. And when at the Black-rock, which is here said to have been then as it was till a few years ago, a fashionable place of summer retirement for the people of rank in Dublin, he was struck with the elegant simplicity of the young cottager's retreat; curiosity induced him to examine it more particularly, and his admiration was soon transferred from the place to its owner. After a conversation with Richard, in which the English nobleman quickly discovered the germ of inborn greatness concealed beneath an external rusticity, he wrote on the young man's tablets the following words: *Richard Boyle will render his name illustrious*. To a soul formed for greatness, this was more than sufficient to inflame the latent sparks of ambition. His cottage, garden, books, were now but secondary objects; all his faculties were absorbed in the means of fulfilling the prediction of his new friend, whom he had already mentally fixed on as his future patron and present model. He becomes discontented; and at length prevails on his old patron to accompany him to London. On their journey thither, during the course of which some occurrences of inferior importance are made the vehicle of some useful lessons to his sanguine and inexperienced mind, they are informed that the Queen attended by Essex, is on a journey to the coast to review the navy. This information induces them to change their course. On their arrival they see, they are gratified with the sight of their sovereign; but this pleasure is damped in Richard, by observing that Essex had seen and passed him unnoticed. Dejected, but not discouraged, he resolves on another attempt to introduce himself, and follows the court to London. Essex had just quitted it on some public duty; and Richard mortified and hum-

bled, returns to his cottage, there again to devote himself to his studies, until a more favourable opportunity occurs of gratifying the ruling passion of his breast.

But now a new impediment is thrown in the way of his present studies and future prospects. Lady Ranelagh, a widow, young, noble and beautiful, induced by the same motives which had led the former visitor to this spot, appears in his cottage. The first conversation gives rise to sensations never felt before. If he is struck with the charms of the stranger, she is equally affected with the singular contrast between the character and situation of Richard. After a variety of circumstances, the value of which those only who have loved can truly estimate; she also took her leave of this part of the country, leaving her young admirer lost in an indescribable labyrinth of contradictory sensations. But in this, as in the former case, he finds a new incentive to encourage him in the line of conduct he had before adopted. Honourable ambition is stimulated by love: he resolves, as he had before with respect to Lord Essex, to make himself worthy of lady Ranelagh.

A new character now presents itself, Sir Charles Manwood, who is employed in an official capacity in Ireland, hearing of Richard's qualifications, which had by this time been the theme of conversation, wishes to engage him as his private secretary. The young man induced by a desire of rising in the great world, and deprived of the society of his first friend, who had lately paid the debt of nature, accepts the offer, and accompanies his patron to his seat in the county of Wicklow. Here he unexpectedly meets the object of his passion, and in spite of her endeavours to keep him at a distance, and destroy his hopes, by an affected air of coldness and severity, a trivial expression which drops from her, discovers to his quick and awakened sagacity, that she is not insensible to his merits. From this time he acts with the confidence of a favoured lover, and though his respect withholds him from betraying the smallest symptom of his attachment, he finds daily means of informing her of it in private. Lady Ranelagh, who cannot brook the idea of having

set her affections on an object so much below her, treats him with increased rigour: but while he strictly adheres to the letter of her mandates, so completely adverse to his hopes, he acts in direct opposition to their spirit, and thus insensibly gains the heart of this

high-minded female, who cannot but admire the perseverance and spirit with which he struggles against the accumulated obstacles which oppose the attainment of his purpose.

To be continued in our next.

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